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GAR SQUARE.

AS TO LIGHT IN THE TUNNEL.

The Railroad Commissioners are reported in a state of disagreement as to the matter of providing for the lighting and ventilating the Fourth Avenue Tunnel in accordance with the law just passed. It is, of course, natural and desirable that they should act carefully in the premises and not jump hastily to conclusions and methods which may be wrong; but there is in connection with the report of their decision a statement that they have decided lighting the tunnel by electricity to be impracticable.

It seems very plain from this decision that the Commissioners have been misled through the late action of the railroad company, during the lighting tests in the tunnel, in causing the reflectors to be turned so that the glare of the lights (which, by the way, were purposely made stronger than is desirable) was thrown directly into the engineers' eyes, instead of falling upon the track ahead. This move and its object were fully exposed by THE EVENING WORLD at the time of the experiment.

The law calls for prompt and independent action on the part of the Commissioners. They should not and must not allow themselves to be turned aside or influenced by anything that the railroad company may do or claim. The test of electric lighting in the tunnel has not yet been fairly made. That its use is practicable, the success of the system in the Hoosac Tunnel proves. Ventilate the tunnel, a work which has also been shown as a straight possibility by its accomplishment elsewhere, and there will be little difficulty about the arrangement of the lights.

MAKE A GOOD START.

The contributions to the fund for the Free Doctors have begun to flow in. The work ought to start in an animated way, and the friends of the children will be doing them an extra benefit by giving an impetus to the fund at the start. It will encourage others to give their mite.

Helping to guard these forlorn children of the tenement-houses against the maladies which beset them during the Summer heats is a good work which appeals to all who have kind hearts. Give now and have your mind at rest. There is no reason for delay, and as soon as the work begins the need of money to make it possible is at once felt. The greatest generosity in such cases is the greatest wisdom. But everything helps. THE EVENING WORLD would rather see thousands contributing moderately than hundreds giving more liberally. There is no one who cannot add something to the fund, and every one should do so gladly.

THE SWING IS FINISHED.

President HARRISON has completed his swing around the big circle and has returned to the immediate scene of his official life. He has travelled luxuriously, though constantly; he has undoubtedly seen and learned a great deal; he has left on record a long series of brief and pretty speeches.

He was received everywhere with cordiality and in many places with enthusiasm. But this was due in a large measure to the fact that he is the President and that his tour and his train were of the sort calculated to draw platform crowds. The citizens are many who will get up early to see and lift their voices loudly to cheer the high National official for whom they did not and will not cast their votes. The crop of Spring hurrahs which President HARRISON has gathered is not to be an all-important factor in the harvest of ballots which the possible Candidate HARRISON may reap.

NO NAKPIN NEEDED.

A suit brought by the chaplain of a military academy against the Principal has turned very largely on the manners of the ecclesiastical gentleman at table. In addition to the assertion that the chaplain could not conduct religious services he was also charged with bad manners while taking his food. He would, for instance, use his tongue to clean his muschies with instead of a napkin.

In the best society there is undoubtedly a prejudice in favor of a napkin for this purpose. It is looked on as more proper. But the jury in the case were plain, blunt men, and the chaplain licking his muschies seemed to them only honest and untrammelled. They brought a verdict in for him. Now he will probably neglect his napkin more than ever.

Though unprotected, except through the negligence of directors, the bank-breaking industry thrives and develops. The latest wrinkle is heard of in the Keystone Bank muddle at Philadelphia. A million-dollar shortage was concealed by the simple process of taking out ledger leaves at examination times, and having a skilful book-binder return them later.

Mr. EDWARD COSTELLO, local highwayman, is in position to appreciate something of the force of a popular writer's declaration, that out of ten true things which one might say nine would be true. "You are a most barbed ruffian," said the Judge before whom COSTELLO was brought, and he added a fifteen years' term in prison to

emphasize his remark. Mr. COSTELLO will have opportunity to learn at least the other eight truths.

A little girl swallowed a "jack." This, it may be said, is a six-pointed iron which children use in playing "jack-stones." It is a very unsuitable thing in the oesophagus. A wise doctor stood the child on her head and she coughed it up. Hardware should not be swallowed, for its recovery is not always so certain.

It is bringing things home with a vengeance when the mail robber, whom we are accustomed to associate with dark nights and a lonely Western pass, suddenly appears in Fifth avenue. And he seems to have made his escape quite as easily as any shady hero of the pass.

The Wilmington whipping-post will be inaugurated to-day. A score of prisoners will be lashed. It is a wet day for a whipping. If the peach crop is a success in Delaware the State will feel that this is a great year. Good crops and a good whipping-post will make it feel proud.

Russia is changing the armament of her soldiers. From the theory that she is using a time of peace to prepare very thoroughly for war, it is deduced by a German authority that no hostile demonstration may be expected from her for three years at least.

The uncertainty of electrocution is again demonstrated by accident. An inspector of electric lights at Allegheny lingers in torturing pain after receiving a shock of 8,000 volts.

It is said that the MILLER men will be allowed to name the Republican gubernatorial candidate. The people will, however, elect the Governor, as usual.

To save the Adirondack forests is to save the Hudson River.

Well, Tenny did run in the Handicap.

SPOTLIGHTS.

It is not going to be a case of "to-be" with the State.

Poster may be can use the gold in the Treasury "on a pinch." There is not enough of anything in the Treasury to be used except on a pinch.

When one member of the Board said they wanted something as a nucleus an ignorant "kicker" wanted to know what was the matter with the old one.

The widow's tears in Texas are usually very much like the other tears there.

On four sides of a railway car. Amidst his traps, the drummer sat. And wished he had but one more note in which to place his light air hit.

The Czarowitz, even when not travelling, will go about with his ears for some time.

A policeman arrested for stealing milk? He deserves promotion for having a taste for the article.

Some of the strong-minded women think when females "buyout" a place is should be called a "girl-out."

One bright Normal student thought it strange such good little sailor boys should belong to a Nantucket. It isn't strange as if they should associate with anything naughty.

Albert Edward has got the "crip." His creditors have been unable to get a grip on him, but still they are not satisfied.

WORLDLINGS.

Capt. M. B. Hughes, of the Ninth Cavalry, has a curious relic of the late Gen. Crook. It is a little wooden doll only that the old Indian fighter carried out of an old army-wagon tongue with a penknife while on the Apache campaign in Arizona. Crook was universally known among the Indians as the "whistling medicine man."

The Pope takes a substantial supper a short time before retiring to bed every night. It consists usually of a piece of roast meat, with two boiled eggs and a cup of champagne or port. He has a simple dinner at 2 o'clock, at which he drinks a little claret.

Mrs. Blavatsky had a profound and accurate knowledge of Sanskrit, and she was well versed in ancient Indian and Persian philosophy.

Dr. Loring, the famous Chicago preacher, who has just accepted a call to a Boston pulpit, is a rather small and boyish-looking man, of great energy and aggressiveness. He is one of the most engaging pulpits in America.

St. Senator Blair is a sandy-haired man, with a flowing beard that is sprinkled with gray. He is fifty-six years old, and has served two terms in each house of Congress.

An Inducement.

(From Judge.)

De Sappo (poquet in hand)—Miss Palsdale!

Servant—Yes, sir; but she is indisposed.

Will you leave the flowers, sir?

De Sappo (doubtfully)—No; I guess not.

Servant (persuasively)—You'd better sir, she may die.

Was It Complimentary?

(From the Jeweller's Weekly.)

Algernon—Will you take this emerald ring as an evidence of our engagement?

Agnes—Yes, Algernon, I am passionately fond of green.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

A Mistake Somewhere.

A man with a stick and a bundle and foreign cut clothes was viewing the sights in the Battery yesterday forenoon when he attracted the attention of two other strangers, one of whom said:

"There's a chap just landed from Norway."

"I think he's a Finn," replied the other.

"Well, I'll soon find out. Hello! Johnny, give us a pointer."

"That I will, sir!" came the prompt reply. "If either of you is aching for a sore head just shake the word and I'm the byas kin give it to you wid nateness and dispatch!"

It Wobbled.

A man who would have tipped the beam at about a solid three hundred pounds, being built on the one-story-and-a-half plan, waddled up the flight of steps at the bridge piers, uttered a snort or two like a horse turned out on a frosty morning, and quivered of the policeman who confronted him:

"Does the real bridge begin here?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Suspended right from them piers, is it?"

"It is."

The man put out his right foot in a cautious way—then his left, and then drew back.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Seems shaky. Don't like that wobble to it when I swing my weight on it."

"Why, man, you don't fear the bridge will go down with you, do you?" exclaimed the officer.

"Can't tell. I've busted all the sidewalks, grocery steps, fences and horse-blocks up my way, and I don't want to get into any calamity here."

"I'll guarantee a safe passage over for you. Don't you see hundreds of people crossing?"

"Yes, but I kinder promised the old woman, you see. Last thing she said to me was: 'Now, Joseph, don't you go loathing around and tearing down any bridges, and I promised I wouldn't. I'll stand here on the solid ground and sorter look around at the sights, and if the thing takes a tumble nobody can lay it to me.'"

He Took Them In.

Coming in on the Erie road the other day I noticed that fourteen people—men and women—who seemed to be friends and neighbors, got on in a crowd at a small station. They were scarcely seated when I further noticed that every one of them was toothless.

It seemed so queer that I took advantage of an opening to ask one of the men the reason of it. He puckered and twisted his mouth around several times and then answered:

"Overconfidence in human nature, assisted by a desire to get something cheap."

"I hardly understand."

"Well, a travelling dentist struck our town about a month ago and advertised full sets of teeth for \$5. Any one wanting new sets of teeth had to pay 25 cents each for having his old roots and snags and teeth dug out. See?"

"That's very plain, sir."

"He got about fifty of our people. He had all he could do for four days, and he made enough money to take him to Europe. After he had dug out that last root he skipped."

"And didn't stay any teeth?"

"Not a tooth! This crowd is now on its way down to get our mouths fixed. If there was ever a broke up town ours is the one. We've had to skip two weekly prayer meetings, pass over two Sunday services and disband the schools. None of the lodges have met, two weddings have been put off, and there have been two funerals without any preaching or singing. Don't you north that I don't thepeak very plain?"

"I was about to answer that I did, when his wife came over and said:

"William, you shouldn't talk too much. The doctorth thays it lath bad for the gumth."

"Thath tho," he replied. "I never thought of thath. Please excuse me, thranger. Waitth until I get my teeth and I'll tellth you all about itth."

M. QUAD.

Nicely Put.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"What ever became of that tall handsome valet of yours, Lord Noddleby?" asked Miss Hobbs.

"Oh, I had to discharge him. Strangers would talk up to him, and he was too good for me."

"Oh, dear me! said Ethel. "And doesn't that prove the truth of the old saying, 'Never judge by appearance'?"

SWELL THE FUND.

Summer Is Coming and the Poor Babes Need Help.

Money Is Needed to Organize the Corps of Free Physicians.

Every Little Helps in This Great Work of Charity.

There is no appeal for charity stronger than that which is made on behalf of the poor babes in tenement-houses, doomed to a life of sickness during the hot season, which is rapidly approaching.

The old saying that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" is particularly applicable in the case, as timely ministrations among the poor babes will necessarily ward off any disease which may be lurking near, ready to pounce upon the young victim with the first hot day.

A few words of advice or a simple remedy given at the proper time will check the disease which, if left uncared for, will work havoc in the little patient and either send it to an untimely grave or condemn it to a life of suffering and misery.

That is what the free doctors are for—to go among the poor in tenement-houses, and by their counsel and the aid of proper remedies, nip a disease in the bud, check the further progress of sickness in advanced stages, build up little constitutions and bring life and joy to hundreds of hearts. They have done it before and will do it again with your help.

Remember that every little helps in this most worthy charity. The records of past years are efficient evidence of this fact. Small contributions, and large ones, too, made up the fund which was the means of saving so many little ones from death.

Food, medicine and clothes are what these babes need, and a contribution, which you will not mind, will do wonders when combined with the sums subscribed by others as charitable as yourself.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World"..... \$100.00
Previously acknowledged..... 2.50
Allot..... 1.00
Allot..... .25
Allot..... .08
Brother and Sister..... .20

Gives Her Pin Money.

We are going to the country June 1, and I want to help the poor babies before I go. My papa gives me 50 cents a week for pocket money, and I send you this week's money for the best wishes for the success of the fund.

ALICE W.

He Earned Nickel.

I made a nickel yesterday, by running an errand. The babies want it more than the candy store keeper, so here it is.

Alice.

A Dime Each.

To the Editor:

We are going to get up a party soon for the Free Doctors' Fund, and will send you more than we do now. This 20 cents we get from papa for the babies' fund and send it with love.

BROOKLYN AND BIRMINGHAM.

A Kind Observer.

To the Editor:

I watched with interest the progress of your corps of free doctors last Summer and subscribed liberally several times since.

The amount of good it did is, in my estimation, incalculable, and to the worthy cause I begin my subscriptions with \$1 and will try to send the same amount every week.

KINALFY ON GREAT SPECTACLES.

The author of "Nero" writes for next Sunday's WORLD a review of great stage spectacles, and tells of his own peculiar methods, which have been so successful.

"OUR BOYS" IN BROOKLYN.

Pleasing Performance by the Newspaper Dramatic League.

The Newspaper Dramatic League gave its first performance at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, last Wednesday evening. The piece presented was one of the late Mr. J. Byron's masterpieces, "Our Boys." It is a piece very difficult for amateurs, written as it was, for a first-class London theatre stock company, but the members of the Newspaper Dramatic League who undertook the various roles gave entire satisfaction to the large audience.

John Middleton was presented by Mr. J. L. Langan; Sir Geoffrey Warrandsworth by Mr. H. C. Edwards; Talbot Champneys by Mr. James Hild; Charles Middleton by Mr. James Hild.

The female part of the cast was rendered by Miss Mary Ryan as Violet Melrose; Miss F. W. W. as Mrs. Warrandsworth; Miss Jeanie Lane as Clara Champneys; and Miss Agnes Boyton as Belinda.

Obtaining Good Kisses.

(From the Epoch.)

"Jimpeon is to be arrested for kissing Cora, although she was willing."

"How can he be arrested, then?"

"It was after dark and the night girl it was Jimpeon—the charge is obtaining goods under false pretenses."

THE CLEANER.

Mr. Herbert A. Levy, the artist, will go about this Summer with his father and brother. Mr. Levy expects to have a good deal of fun with his "Kodak." I saw some of his photographs yesterday, and they were very good. A "Kodak" can be a very useful so-called companion to a trip through some pleasant region for an artist. He can snap off memoranda of the best kind with it.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Flowered Percales in Variety—Pink Is a Becoming Color—Crochet Work Turned to Good Account—To Reduce a Fat Figure in Appearance.

Percales show single flowers, sprays, polka dots, stripes and tiny figures in bright colors on the whitest of white grounds. Dark green, hams have hairline and broad stripes of white. In cotton crepes the Yeddo and Canton crepes in white, fast black and dainty light shades take well for pretty home dresses.

I was riding on top of a stage yesterday, when I saw something that was provoking enough. A coachman with a coupe drove directly across the stage's path so that the driver had to pull up very quickly. Shortly after again charged in front, and the stage driver, to avoid crashing into it, had to almost turn his horse into a side street. As it was, the note hit the coupe and injured it. Thereupon the coachman got down, demanded the number and delayed the stage for several minutes through his palaver with the driver. The passengers in the mean time had to wait until the Jehus arranged their business.

Every other man I met yesterday noon had some remark to make about the rain in connection with the race. But in spite of the weather a great many people managed to take chances on a ducking for the sake of seeing the winner.

Carmenella frequently shakes her hair down in the course of her dances. This is not surprising, since she moves her head as much as her feet in her dances. She is not very much distressed over a trifle like that, but some right ahead with the black hair sticks about her. If she thought that she didn't look well with loosened locks she would probably use more hairpins or else feel more uncomfortable, at least, when her hair is disheveled.

Mr. Charles Coon wanders around the Fifth Avenue corridors with all his old-time imperiousness, and enjoys reading the newspaper items about the Treasury. He does not mean to let a little trifle like not getting an appointment upset him, and admire Mr. Coon for this.

It is a favorite bit of decoration with the marionette artists to use one of the Gloucester fishing nets to drape their walls with. It is very effective to have the delicate threads and meshes of one of these nets strong in graceful folds across the corner of a studio. Sometimes the glass balls used as "foam" are combined with the netting very charmingly.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld's latest and most charming musical work—a delightful ballad, "I'll Not Believe These Fads," will appear exclusively in the SUNDAY WORLD. Look out for this gem. A song that rivals "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still."

THE TRAIN WAITED.

And a Fresh Clerk Was Taught a Lesson in Politeness.

One side of a conversation over the telephone is said to be very satisfactory, but the one which a reporter happened to hear a few days ago gave promise of being so interesting that he waited to hear the finish, says the Kalamazoo Telegraph.

It seems that W. O. Hughes, President of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, was in the city called at Mount Holyoke Seminary, as he takes great interest in that educational institution, being President of the Board of Trustees. The time flew rapidly, and he found himself late for the train home.

About this time the telephone bell rang in the Grand Rapids and Indiana depot, and a young man, last named Kennedy, a new employee of the road and one not acquainted with the officials, answered the call. Here is the conversation at the depot and of the line:

"Yes, this is the G. R. & I."

"Hold the train? Well, I guess not."

"I'll be out in five minutes, hold it."

"Just a few seconds? We won't hold it a second."

"Don't care who you are. See you in Jersey before you get a train."

"Won't do any good to talk with Mr. Baker. We run our trains on time. This is no Jim Crow line."

"What is the number of the train?"

"At the mention of that name every one in the office, from Station Agent Baker to the messenger boy, made a rush and tried to get the telephone away from the Kennedy chap, but, nothing daunted, the young man sang out:

"Stand back there; I started in with this before you, and I guess I can handle him."

"But he is the president of the road," argued Mr. Baker.

"The president of the road?" gasped the young man. And then he yelled over the wire:

"Yes, we'll hold the train for you—hold it a week if you say so."

The Wisdom of the Moderns.

(From Munsey's Weekly.)

Guysall—Now, Miss Greaser, if you deawed to get a diamond, what would you use?

Miss Ke-ne—The heart of any man that can regularly visit a girl two years without offering her a ring.

An Unhappy Misunderstanding.

(From the Jeweller's Weekly.)

She (to her partially deaf lover)—Oh, I do so on diamond.

He (differently)—I don't own 'em, either. I think it's extravagant.

Beware.

(From the Epoch.)

Dora—Jake says he loves you.

Dora—I don't believe it.

Dora—Nor do I.

Dora—You are a horrid mix.

Changing Defeat to Victory.

The genius of Sheridan at Winchester changed defeat to victory. So when feeble adversaries in the shape of inefficient remedies fail to stay the progress of that obstinate and malignant foe, malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters turns the tide—drives the enemy back. Nothing in materia medica, or out of it, compares with this as an opponent of every form of malarial disease. Chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious remittent and ague take—matters not one and all are eradicated by the Bitters. To take a course of the great preparative in advance of the malarial season, is to be healthy, as it were, no matter of proof which defies attack. Be fortified, as prepared, you shall be victorious. Remember, that the Bitters is an eradicator of liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and dyspepsia.

Curious Enough.

(From the Epoch.)

"Most extraordinary term they have at Oxford for a man who snarks."

"What is it?"

"He is not happy. He is plucked—and that because he is not happy."

NEWCOMERS IN THE FUND.

NEWCOMERS in the fund need not be feared where MONROE'S BREEDING FARM is used. See.

FOOT & BINDER, in Roman st., occupying 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318